

Benjamin Palmer

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✓
HYMNS

AND

SACRED PIECES,

• WITH

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

✓✓
BY RAY PALMER.

"Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord."



NEW YORK:
ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH,
No. 770 Broadway, Cor. Ninth st.
1865.

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TO

THE TRUE WOMAN

WHOSE JUST PRAISES I MAY NOT SPEAK,

BUT IN WHOSE

MINISTRIES OF AFFECTION AND INTELLIGENT AND EARNEST

SYMPATHY WITH ALL MY BEST THOUGHTS AND EFFORTS

I HAVE EVER FOUND INCITEMENT AND SUPPORT,

I VENTURE TO

INSCRIBE THESE PAGES

IN

GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF A DEBT

I CANNOT PAY.

RAY PALMER.



PREFACE.

I have collected the following pieces, because often urged to do so by those whom it is a great pleasure to gratify. Most of the Hymns are already familiar to the Churches, but are scattered in various collections. A few of them are now first published. Two or three which have been for some time in use I have preferred not to insert here.

It is well understood that the Hymn is a peculiar species of poetical composition. Because designed to be sung, as a part of worship, it admits of but little ornament, must be direct and simple in its structure, clear in its meaning, and fitted to give easy and natural expression to the devout feelings of the heart. The art involved in the composition, must attract no attention to itself.

The text of the Hymns here collected is that which the author wishes to be considered as the true one. One or two published at an early date, which he deemed defective, he has himself changed slightly; but several corrupt readings have made their way into the Hymn

Books. The four translations from the Old Latin Hymns, and the three Hymns—"Lord my weak thought," "Jesus these eyes have never seen," and "Thy Father's house," were contributed to the Sabbath Hymn Book and belong to the proprietors of that collection. They are inserted here by permission. With the exception of these, the author has no objection to the use of the Hymns here brought together by compilers of Hymn Books; but he earnestly protests against the wrong of tampering with his text. This he cannot but feel to be an immorality which no Christian man should be willing to commit.

The "Sacred Pieces" are designed only for reading. Several of the "Miscellaneous Poems" have been published separately; others appear now for the first time. If this little volume shall prove a contribution, however slight, of pure thoughts to pure minds, the author will be truly thankful.

R. P.

ALBANY, Jan. 5th, 1865.





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H Y M N S .

I.

X

FAITH.

MY faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior divine :
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire ;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
 Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
 From thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream,
 Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Savior, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O, bear me safe above—
 A ransomed soul.





II.

HEAVEN.

There remaineth a rest.

LORD, thou wilt bring the joyful day!
Beyond earth's weariness and pains,
Thou hast a mansion far away,
Where for thine own a rest remains.

No sun there climbs the morning sky,
There never falls the shade of night,
God and the Lamb, forever nigh,
O'er all shed everlasting light.

The bow of mercy spans the throne,
Emblem of love and goodness there;
While notes to mortals all unknown,
Float on the calm celestial air.

Around the throne bright legions stand,
 Redeemed by blood from sin and hell;
 And shining forms, an angel band,
 The mighty chorus join to swell.

There, Lord, thy way-worn saints shall find
 The bliss for which they longed before;
 And holiest sympathies shall bind
 Thine own to thee forevermore.

O Jesus, bring us to that rest,
 Where all the ransomed shall be found,
 In thine eternal fulness blest,
 While ages roll their cycles round!





III.

CHRIST LOVED UNSEEN.

1 Peter 1 : 8.

JESUS these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of thine !
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine.

I see thee not, I hear thee not,
Yet art thou oft with me ;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with thee.

Like some bright dream that comes
unsought,
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love thee, dearest Lord!—and will,
Unseen, but not Unknown.

When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall thee reveal,
All glorious as thou art!





IV.

THE JUBILEE.

This Hymn was written for the fiftieth Anniversary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and sung at the Jubilee Celebration, held in the Tremont Temple at Boston, Oct. 3d—5th, 1860.

ETERNAL Father! thou hast said
That Christ all glory shall obtain;
That He who once, a sufferer, bled,
Shall o'er the world, a conquerer, reign.

We wait thy triumph, Savior, King!
Long ages have prepared the way;
Now all abroad thy banner fling,
Set Time's great battle in array.

Thy hosts are mustered to the field,
"The cross" — "The cross" — their
battle-call;
The old grim towers of darkness yield,
And soon shall totter to their fall.

14 *HYMNS AND SACRED PIECES.*

On mountain tops the watch-fires glow,
Where scattered wide the watchmen
stand;

Voice echoes voice, and onward flow
The joyous shouts from land to land.

Thou hast our humble service blest,
While fifty years have rolled their round;
Weary and worn the fathers rest,
But in their stead the sons are found.

Oh! fill thy church with faith and power!
Bid her long night of weeping cease;
To groaning nations haste the hour
Of life and freedom, light and peace.

Come Spirit, make thy wonders known!
Fulfil the Father's high decree;
Then earth—the might of hell o'er-
thrown—
Shall keep her last, great Jubilee.



V.

JOY OF CONSECRATION TO CHRIST.

OH, sweetly breathe the lyres above,
When angels touch the quivering string;
And wake, to chant Immanuel's love,
Such strains as angel lips can sing!

And sweet, on earth, the choral swell,
From mortal tongues, of gladsome lays;
When pardoned souls their raptures tell,
And, grateful, hymn Immanuel's praise.

Jesus, thy name our souls adore;
We own the bond that makes us thine;
And carnal joys, that charmed before,
For thy dear sake we now resign.

Our hearts, by dying love subdued,
 Accept thine offered grace to-day;
 Beneath the cross, with blood bedewed,
 We bow, and give ourselves away.

In thee we trust — on thee rely;
 Though we are feeble, thou art strong;
 Oh, keep us till our spirits fly
 To join the bright, immortal throng!





VI.

EVENING WORSHIP.

In thy light shall we see light.

STEALING from the world away,
We are come to seek thy face;
Kindly meet us, Lord, we pray,
Grant us thy reviving grace.

Yonder stars that gild the sky,
Shine but with a borrowed light;
We, unless thy light be nigh,
Wander, wrapt in gloomy night.

Sun of righteousness! dispel
All our darkness, doubts, and fears;
May thy light within us dwell,
Till eternal day appears.

Warm our hearts in prayer and praise,
Lift our every thought above;
Hear the grateful songs we raise,
Fill us with thy perfect love.





TRUST.

VII.

How unsearchable are thy judgments.

LORD, my weak thought in vain would
climb

To search the starry vault profound;
In vain would wing her flight sublime,
To find creation's outmost bound.

But weaker yet that thought must prove
To search thy great eternal plan—
Thy sovereign counsels, born of love,
Long ages ere the world began.

When my dim reason would demand
Why that, or this, thou dost ordain,
By some vast deep I seem to stand,
Whose secrets I must ask in vain.

When doubts disturb my troubled breast,
 And all is dark as night to me,
 Here, as on solid rock I rest;
 That so it seemeth good to thee.

Be this my joy, that evermore
 Thou rulest all things at thy will:
 Thy sovereign wisdom I adore,
 And calmly, sweetly, trust thee still.





VIII. .

THE BREAD OF LIFE.

AWAY from earth my spirit turns,
Away from every transient good:
With strong desire my bosom burns,
To feast on Heaven's diviner food.

Thou, Savior, art the living bread;
Thou wilt my every want supply;
By thee sustained, and cheered and led,
I'll press through dangers to the sky.

What though temptations oft distress,
And sin assails, and breaks my peace;
Thou wilt uphold, and save, and bless,
And bid the storms of passion cease.

Then let me take thy gracious hand,
And walk beside thee onward still;
Till my glad feet shall safely stand
Forever firm on Zion's hill.





IX.

THE UNITY OF LOVE.

That they all may be one.

LORD, thou on earth didst love thine
own,

Didst love them to the end ;
O still from thy celestial throne,
Let gifts of love descend.

The love the Father bears to thee,
His own Eternal Son,
Fill all thy saints, till all shall be
In pure affection one.

As thou for us didst stoop so low,
Warmed by love's holy flame,
So let our deeds of kindness flow
To all who bear thy name.

One blessed fellowship in love,
Thy living Church should stand,
Till faultless, she at last above,
Shall shine at thy right hand.

O glorious day when she, the Bride,
With her dear Lord appears!
When robed in beauty at his side,
She shall forget her tears.





X.

PRIVATE WORSHIP.

I KNOW, my God, that thou art near,
For o'er my trusting, waiting soul,
While starts the silent, grateful tear,
Full tides of sweet emotion roll—
My blessed God!

Thou dost to faith thyself reveal;
I see thy face serene and mild;
By Christ's dear cross, while here I kneel,
I know that I am made a child—
My blessed God!

I need not speak, for thou dost see
All that I feel but cannot tell;
The longings to be filled with thee
That stir my heart, thou knowest well—
My blessed God!

In thee, when sorrows rend my breast,
Love's tenderest sympathy I find,
As to a Father's bosom prest,
As by a Father's arms entwined—
My blessed God!

As if in ocean's darkest deep,
Thy grace hath buried all my sins,
And o'er me faithful watch shall keep,
Till heaven's eternal joy begins—
My blessed God!

That grace, with pure, divine delight,
My joyous, thankful soul shall own,
When bursts upon my ravished sight,
The splendor of thy burning throne—
My blessed God!



XI.

THE DAY SPRING.

BEFORE thy throne with tearful eyes,
My gracious Lord, I humbly fall;
To thee my weary spirit flies,
For thy forgiving love I call.

I know thy mercy overflows,
When sinners on thy grace rely;
Thy tender love no limit knows;
Oh save me—justly doomed to die!

Yes! thou wilt save; my soul is free!
The gloom of sin is fled away;
My tongue breaks forth in praise to thee,
And all my powers thy word obey.

Hence, while I wrestle with my foes —
 The world, the flesh, the hosts of hell—
 Sustain thou me till conflicts close,
 Then endless songs my thanks shall tell.





XII.

HEAVEN.

There remaineth therefore a rest.

AND is there, Lord, a rest,
For weary souls designed,
Where not a care shall stir the breast,
Or sorrow entrance find?

Is there a blissful home,
Where kindred minds shall meet,
And live, and love, nor ever roam
From that serene retreat?

Are there bright happy fields,
Where nought that blooms shall die;
Where each new scene fresh pleasure yields,
And healthful breezes sigh?

Are there celestial streams,
Where living waters glide,
With murmurs sweet as angel dreams,
And flowery banks beside?

Forever blessed they,
Whose joyful feet shall stand,
While endless ages waste away,
Amid that glorious land!

My soul would thither tend,
While toilsome years are given;
Then let me, gracious God, ascend
To sweet repose in heaven!





XIII.

ANCIENT HYMN.

Translated from Bernard.

JESUS, thou Joy of loving hearts!
Thou Fount of Life! Thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to thee again.

Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on thee call;
To them that seek thee, thou art good,
To them that find thee — All in All!

We taste thee, O thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon thee still;
We drink of thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from thee to fill.

Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.

O Jesus, ever with us stay!
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away—
Shed o'er the world thy holy light!





XIV.

COME HOLY GHOST.

Translated from Old Latin Hymns.

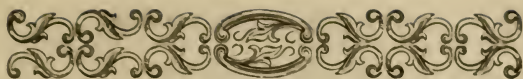
COME, Holy Ghost—in love
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray!
Divinely good thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart:
O, come to-day!

Come, tend'rest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful guest,
With soothing power:
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow—
Cheer us, this hour!

Come, Light serene, and still
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast:
We know no dawn but thine;
Send forth thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest!

Exalt our low desires;
Extinguish passion's fires;
Heal every wound:
Our stubborn spirits bend;
Our icy coldness end;
Our devious steps attend,
While heavenward bound.

Come, all the faithful bless;
Let all, who Christ confess,
His praise employ:
Give virtue's rich reward;
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy!



XV.

REPENTANCE.

Translated from a German Hymn.

WE stand in deep repentance,
Before thy throne of love;
O God of grace forgive us,
The stain of guilt remove;
Behold us while with weeping
We lift our eyes to thee;
And all our sins subduing,
Our Father, set us free!

Oh! shouldst thou from us fallen
Withhold thy grace to guide,
Forever we should wander,
From thee, and peace, aside:

But thou to spirits contrite
Dost light and life impart,
That man may learn to serve thee
With thankful, joyous heart.

Our souls—on thee we cast them,
Our only refuge thou!
Thy cheering words revive us,
When pressed with grief we bow:
Thou bear'st the trusting spirit
Upon thy loving breast,
And givest all thy ransomed
A sweet, unending rest.





XVI.

THE TRANQUIL HOUR.

THOU, Savior, from thy throne on high,
Enrobed in light and girt with power,
Dost note the thought, the prayer, the sigh
Of hearts that love the tranquil hour.

Oft thou thyself didst steal away,
At eventide, from labor done,
In some still peaceful shade to pray,
Till morning watches were begun.

Thou hast not, dearest Lord, forgot
Thy wrestlings on Judea's hills;
And still thou lov'st the quiet spot
Where praise the lowly spirit fills.

Now to our souls, withdrawn awhile
From earth's rude noise, thy face reveal;
And, as we worship, kindly smile,
And for thine own our spirits seal.

To thee we bring each grief and care,
To thee we fly while tempests lower;
Thou wilt the weary burdens bear
Of hearts that love the tranquil hour.





XVII.



ALL IN CHRIST.

I will come to you.

COME, Jesus, Redeemer, abide thou
with me ;

Come gladden my spirit that waiteth for
thee ;

Thy smile every shadow shall chase from
my heart,

And soothe every sorrow, though keen
be the smart.

Without thee but weakness, with thee I
am strong ;

By day thou shalt lead me, by night be
my song ;

Though dangers surround me, I still every
fear,

Since thou, the Most Mighty, my helper
art near.

Thy love, oh how faithful ! so tender, so
pure ;

Thy promise, faith's anchor, how stead-
fast and sure !

That love, like sweet sunshine, my cold
heart can warm,

That promise make steady my soul in
the storm.

Breathe, breathe on my spirit, oft ruffled,
thy peace ;

From restless, vain wishes, bid thou my
heart cease ;

In thee all its longings henceforward
shall end,

Till glad to thy presence my soul shall
ascend.

O then, blessed Jesus, who once for me
died,

Made clean in the fountain that gushed
from thy side,

I shall see thy full glory, thy face shall
behold,

And praise thee forever with raptures
untold !



XVIII.

THE DAY OF JOY.

WAKE thee, O Zion, thy mourning is
ended;

God—thine own God—hath regarded thy
prayer:

Wake thee, and hail him, in glory de-
scended,

Thy darkness to scatter—thy wastes to
repair.

Wake thee, O Zion, his spirit of power
To newness of life is awaking the dead;
Array thee in beauty, and greet the glad
hour

That brings thee salvation, through Jesus
who bled.

Savior, we gladly with voices resounding
Loud as the thunder, our chorus would
 swell;
Till from rock, wood and mountain its
 echoes rebounding,
To all the wide world of salvation shall
 tell.





XIX.

AN ANCIENT HYMN.

Translated from Gregory.

O CHRIST! our King, Creator, Lord!
Savior of all who trust thy word!
To them who seek thee ever near,
Now to our praises bend thine ear.

In thy dear cross a grace is found—
It flows from every streaming wound—
Whose power our inbred sin controls,
Breaks the firm bond, and frees our souls!

Thou didst create the stars of night;
Yet thou hast veiled in flesh thy light—
Hast deigned a mortal form to wear,
A mortal's painful lot to bear.

When thou didst hang upon the tree,
The quaking earth acknowledged thee ;
When thou didst there yield up thy breath,
The world grew dark as shades of death.

Now in the Father's glory high,
Great Conqu'ror, never more to die,
Us by thy mighty power defend,
And reign through ages without end !





XX.

SABBATH MORNING.

THINE holy day's returning,
Our hearts exult to see,
And with devotion burning,
Ascend, our God, to thee.

To-day with purest pleasure,
Our thoughts from earth withdraw;
We search for sacred treasure,
We learn thy holy law.

We join to sing thy praises,
God of the sabbath day!
Each voice in gladness raises
Its loudest, sweetest lay.

Thy richest mercies sharing,
O fill us with thy love !
By grace our souls preparing
For nobler praise above.





XXI.

REPENTANCE AT THE CROSS.

JESUS, Lamb of God, for me
Thou, the Lord of life, didst die ;
Whither—whither but to thee,
Can a trembling sinner fly ?
Death's dark waters o'er me roll,
Save, O save, my sinking soul !

Never bowed a martyred head,
Weighed with equal sorrow down ;
Never blood so rich was shed,
Never king wore such a crown !
To thy cross and sacrifice
Faith now lifts her tearful eyes.

All my soul, by love subdued,
 Melts in deep contrition there;
By thy mighty grace renewed,
 New-born hope forbids despair;
Lord, thou canst my guilt forgive,
Thou hast bid me look and live.

While with broken heart I kneel,
 Sinks the inward storm to rest;
Life — immortal life—I feel
 Kindled in my throbbing breast;
Thine—forever thine—I am,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!





XXII.

THE RESURRECTION.

WHEN downward to the darksome tomb
I thoughtful turn my eyes,
Frail nature trembles at the gloom,
And anxious fears arise.

Why shrinks my soul?—in death's embrace

Once Jesus captive slept;
And angels, hovering o'er the place,
His lowly pillow kept.

• Thus shall they guard my sleeping dust,
And, as the Savior rose,
The grave again shall yield her trust,
And end my deep repose.

My Lord, before to glory gone,
 Shall bid me come away;
 And calm and bright shall break the dawn
 Of heaven's eternal day.

Then let my faith each fear dispel,
 And gild with light the grave;
 To him my loftiest praises swell,
 Who died from death to save.





XXIII.

ANCIENT SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

Translated from Thomas Aquinas.

O BREAD to pilgrims given,
O Food that angels eat,
O Manna sent from heaven,
For heaven-born natures meet!
Give us, for thee long pining,
To eat till richly filled;
Till, earth's delights resigning,
Our every wish is stilled!

O Water, life-bestowing,
From out the Savior's heart,
A fountain purely flowing,
A fount of love thou art!
Oh let us, freely tasting,
Our burning thirst assuage!

Thy sweetness, never wasting,
Avails from age to age.

Jesus, this feast receiving,
We thee unseen adore;
Thy faithful word believing,
We take—and doubt no more;
Give us, thou true and loving,
On earth to live in thee;
Then, death the veil removing,
Thy glorious face to see.





XXIV.

THE HOME ABOVE.

In my Father's house are many mansions.

THY Father's house!—thine own bright
home!

And thou hast there a place for me!
Though yet an exile here I roam,
That distant home by faith I see.

I see its domes resplendent glow,
Where beams of God's own glory fall;
And trees of life immortal grow,
Whose fruits o'erhang the sapphire wall.

I know that thou, who on the tree
Didst deign our mortal guilt to bear,
Wilt bring thine own to dwell with thee,
And waitest to receive me there!

Thy love will there array my soul
 In thine own robe of spotless hue;
 And I shall gaze while ages roll,
 On thee, with raptures ever new!

O, welcome day! when thou my feet
 Shalt bring the shining threshold o'er;
 A Father's warm embrace to meet,
 And dwell at home forever more!





XXV.

INVOCATION.

COME, O thou mighty Savior,
We look for thine appearing;
Descend we pray,
Thy love display,
Our waiting spirits cheering.

Come, clothed with glorious power;
Let all thy saints adore thee,
And let thy word,
The Spirit's sword,
Subdue thy foes before thee.

May every heart with gladness,
Thine offered grace receiving,
Now cease from sin,
And pure within,
Have peace, in thee believing.

Then, when thou com'st to judgment,
On flying clouds descending,
May we rejoice,
When, at thy voice,
The solid earth is rending.





XXVI.

SPIRITUAL REFRESHING.

FOUNT of everlasting love,
Rich thy streams of mercy are;
Flowing purely from above,
Beauty marks their course afar.

Lo! thy church, athirst and faint,
Drinks the full, refreshing tide;
Thou hast heard her sad complaint,
Floods of grace are sweeping wide.

God of mercy, to thy throne,
Now our fervent thanks we bring;
Thine the glory, thine alone,
Joyous praise to thee we sing.

While we lift our grateful song,
Let the spirit still descend;
Roll the tide of grace along,
Widening, deepening, to the end.





XXVII

THE SABBATH BELL.*

“THE sabbath bell so full and swelling,
Whose rich vibrations greet the ear,
To me in solemn note seems telling
Of faith, of hope, of heaven near;
My heart with holy joy is bounding,
From earth my thoughts are on the wing,
Whene’er the welcome call is sounding
That bids me join the choir and sing.”

* I do not know who is the author of the first of the above stanzas. It was set to a piece of music by Neukomm, and was placed in my hands by Dr. Lowell Mason, with the request that another stanza might be added.

And while I hear the organ pealing,
And raptured voices shouting praise,
While round the holy altar kneeling,
The tranquil eye of prayer I raise,
Sweet dews of heaven seem o'er me falling
Subduing all my soul to love;
I seem to hear some seraph calling
To bid me join the choir above.





XXVIII.

LIFE AT THE CROSS.

WOULDST thou eternal life obtain?

Now to the cross repair;

There stand and gaze and weep and pray,

Where Jesus breathes his life away;

Eternal life is there!

Go—'tis the Son of God expires!

Approach the shameful tree;

See quivering there the mortal dart,

In the Redeemer's loving heart,

O sinful soul, for thee!

Go—there from every streaming wound

Flows rich atoning blood:

That blood can cleanse the deepest stain,

Bid frowning justice smile again,

And seal thy peace with God.

Go—at that cross thy heart subdued,
With thankful love shall glow;
By wondrous grace thy soul set free,
Eternal life from Christ to thee
A vital stream shall flow!





XXIX.

SELF-CONSECRATION.

TAKE me, O my Father! take me—
Take me, save me, through thy Son;
That which thou wouldst have me, make
me,
Let thy will in me be done.

Long from thee my footsteps straying,
Thorny proved the way I trod;
Weary come I now, and praying—
Take me to thy love, my God!

Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin!
At thy feet, O Father, falling,
To thy household take me in.

Freely now to thee I proffer,
 This relenting heart of mine;
 Freely, life and soul I offer,
 Gift unworthy love like thine.

Once the world's Redeemer, dying,
 Bore our sins upon the tree;
 On that sacrifice relying,
 Now I look in hope to thee.

Father take me! all forgiving,
 Fold me to thy loving breast;
 In thy love forever living,
 I must be forever blest.





XXX.

MISSIONARY PARTING HYMN.

ETERNAL Lord! whose power
Can calm the heaving ocean,
Exalted Thou,
Yet gracious bow;
Accept our warm devotion.

For thee our all we leave,
Nor drop a tear of sadness;
As on we glide,
Be thou our guide,
And fill our hearts with gladness.

We go 'mid pagan gloom
To spread the truth victorious;
Thy spirit send,
Thy word attend,
And make its triumph glorious.

And when our toils are done,
Smooth thou the dying pillow,
O bring us blest
To endless rest,
Safe o'er death's troubled billow!





XXXI.

INFANT BAPTISM.

They brought unto him also infants.

Luke 18, 15.

WE praise thee Savior, for the grace
That bids us with our infants come;
That gives them in thy heart a place,
And in thy kingdom grants them room.

We bring them to thine altar Lord,
And here the holy seal apply;
O make them clean,—their names record
In thine own Book of Life on high.

When storms shall beat, or gathering foes
Beset the path their feet must tread,
Dear Shepherd! let thine arms enclose,
Or o'er them for defence be spread.

If thou hast marked them for the tomb,
Ere morning brightens into day,
As in thy bosom bear them home,
And gently wipe our tears away.

Or if when gathered to thy rest,
'Tis ours to leave them pilgrims still,
Guide thou their steps till with us blest,
They reach thine Everlasting Hill.





XXXII.

THE NEW YEAR.

THOU who roll'st the year around,
Crowned with mercies large and free,
Rich thy gifts to us abound,
Warm our thanks shall rise to thee :
Kindly to our worship bow,
While our grateful praises swell,
That, sustained by thee, we now
Bid the parting year farewell.

All its numbered days are sped,
All its busy scenes are o'er,
All its joys forever fled,
All its sorrows felt no more :
Mingled with th' eternal past,
Its remembrance shall decay,
Yet to be revived at last,
At the solemn judgment day.

All our follies, Lord, forgive;
 Cleanse each heart and make us thine;
Let thy grace within us live,
 As our future suns decline;
Then when life's last eve shall come,
 Happy spirits let us fly
To our everlasting home,
 To our Father's house on high.





SACRED PIECES.

I.

THE LORD GOD IS A SUN.

I.

I SEE the rose-bud, wet with night's cold
dew,
Smile through her tears, as if some joy
new-born
Stirred at her heart. To some deep in-
stinct true,
Her eyelids part, kissed by the waking
morn.
Softly her wondrous beauty she reveals;
Opens her crimson bosom full and fair,
To drink thy beams, O Sun! and, drink-
ing, feels
Warmed with fresh life and filled with
pleasure rare.

On thee I see her waiting all the day,
As by thine influence filled with sweet
content,
And anxious only not to lose one ray,
While thy pure glory to her gaze is
lent.

II.

So my own spirit, what time sad and
chilled
By earth's dark shadows that do close
me o'er,
Looks up through streaming eyes and
smiles, as filled
With kindling joy, when thy kind
beams once more,
O God, my Sun! do chase the shades
away:
And when full-orbed thou breakest on
her sight,
My soul expands herself to catch the day;

Athirst, her inmost being drinks thy
light,
Thy cheering warmth, all influences
benign ;
Till her immortal essence, 'neath thy
glow,
Blossoms with graces, throbs with joy
divine,
And back to thee her loftiest ardors flow !





II.

DYING WORDS OF NEANDER.

“I’m weary — I’m weary — let me go home !”

I’m weary — weary — let me go !
For now the pulse of life declineth ;
My spirit chides its lingering flow,
For her immortal life she pineth.

I feel the chill night-shadows fall ;
The sleep steals on that knows no
waking ;
Yet well I hear blest voices call,
And bright above the day is breaking.

Not now the purple and the gold
Of trailing clouds at sunset glowing,
These dim and fading eyes behold ;
But splendors from the Godhead flowing.

'Tis not the crimson orient beam,
O'er mountain tops in beauty glancing;
Light from the throne! a flooding stream!
'Tis the eternal Sun advancing!

As oft, when waked the summer morn,
Sweet breath of flowers the breezes
bore me;
In this serener, fairer dawn,
Perfumes from Paradise float o'er me.

As when by sultry heats oppressed,
I've sought still shades cool waters
keeping,
So long I for that holier rest,
Where heaven's own living streams are
sweeping.

The joy of life hath been to stand
With spirits noble, true, confiding:
Oh, joy unthought—to reach the band
Of spotless souls with God abiding!

Ye loved of earth ! this fond farewell
That now divides us, cannot sever :
Swift flying years their round shall tell,
And our glad souls be one forever.

On the far off celestial hills,
I see the tranquil sunshine lying ;
And God himself my spirit fills
With perfect peace — and this is dying !

Methinks I hear the rustling wings
Of unseen messengers descending,
And notes from softly trembling strings,
With myriad voices sweetly blending.

O thou, my Lord adored ! this soul
Oft — oft its warm desires hath told thee :
Now wearily the moments roll,
Until these waiting eyes behold thee.

Ah — stay my spirit here no more,
That for her home so fondly yearneth :
There, joy's bright cup is brimming o'er ;
There, love's pure flame forever burneth !



III.

I SAW THEE.

When thou wast under the fig-tree I saw thee.

I SAW thee when, as twilight fell,
And evening lit her fairest star,
Thy footsteps sought yon quiet dell,
The world's confusion left afar.

I saw thee when thou stood'st alone,
Where drooping branches thick o'er-
hung—
Thy still retreat to all unknown—
Hid in deep shadows darkly flung.

I saw thee when, as died each sound
Of bleating flock, or woodland bird,
Kneeling, as if on holy ground,
Thy voice the listening silence heard.

I saw thy calm uplifted eyes,
And marked the heaving of thy breast,
When rose to heaven thy heart-felt sighs,
For purer life, for perfect rest.

I saw the light that o'er thy face
Stole with a soft suffusing glow,
As if, within, celestial grace
Breathed the same bliss that angels know.

I saw—what thou didst not—above
Thy lowly head an open heaven;
And tokens of thy Father's love
With smiles to thy rapt spirit given.

I saw thee from that sacred spot
With firm and peaceful soul depart;
I, Jesus, saw thee—doubt it not—
And read the secrets of thy heart!



IV.

THE THORN.

EACH pang I feel is known to thee,
Dear Lord! for thou hast sent the thorn
That pierceth me;
Hast fixed it festering in this breast,
That with new anguish wakes each morn,
And finds no rest.

Though oft with burning tears, I've prayed
That thou wouldst take this grief away,
Thou hast delayed;
Yet thou hast pledged thy word to keep,
To succor in the sorrowing day
Thine own who weep.

Why tarriest thou? Long must I plead,
With hope deferred, that thou wilt send
The help I need?

Hast thou thy words of love forgot,
That, when o'erwhelmed, I lowly bend,
Thou answerest not?

Be still, my soul, and meekly bear
Thy pain, nor yield one doubt a place,
Lest dark despair
Prevail, thy steadfast trust to shake;
Though in thick shades he hides his face,
The dawn shall break!

Ah! now, at last, he speaks;—A thrill
Sweeps through my soul, and tides of love
My being fill:—

“Canst thou not bear the cross with me?
I may not yet the thorn remove
That woundeth thee;—

But thou shalt lean upon my breast,
My strength shall make thy weakness
strong;

When most oppressed,
Then most my grace shalt thou partake;
And from thy burdened heart a song
Of joy shall break!”



V.

YEARNINGS.

O that I had wings like a dove.

FIXED in some deep and lonely cell,
And doomed a weary chain to wear,
The prisoner's bosom oft must swell
With longing to be free as air.

Thus by dull sense shut in, confined
To this low earth, where shadows lie,
That chill its fires, its vision blind,
My prisoner spirit pines to fly.

Far, far above the gloom of night,
It sees the purely brilliant sheen
Of stars that ever roll in light,
And wishes for a world serene :

A world unstained by sin and tears,
Unreached by pangs that wring us here,
Where in the calm, sweet flow of years,
There's nought to wish, and nought to
fear.

Such a fair world there is on high,
For yearning souls that restless roam;
O, for thy wings, thou dove, to fly
And seek in that bright land a home!





VI.

SELF-QUESTIONING.

One of you shall betray me.

O TELL me, Jesus, to my heart —
My troubled heart — the secret tell ;
May I from thee and thine depart,
As Judas, when he falsely fell ?
Is it not love — this kindling flame
That warms my breast oft as thy name
Falls on my willing ear ?
Is it not faith that oft hath brought
My trembling soul the peace it sought,
And stilled each restless fear ?

This quiet joy that hidden flows
Deep in my soul ; and makes me glad,
Though many a rude wind round me blows,
And many a sorrow makes me sad —

Can this calm joy that ever lives
Be aught but that thy presence gives,
 To faithful souls revealed?
The presence and the loving smile
That gladdens all thine own—the while
 From unbelief concealed?

The tears that oft these eyes have wept,
 When I before thy feet have knelt,
Or watch about thy cross have kept,
 And all thy pangs have keenly felt—
Came they not from that holy grief
That brings the broken heart relief,
 And softens it to love?
Was not the hope that wakened there,
Hope that shall triumph o'er despair
 And bear the soul above?

Speak, thou that knowest well—decide;
 If I am thine, oh, clasp this hand,
And when my feet would stray, or slide,
 Then firmly hold and bid me stand.

Go forth from thee? Give me to bear
Thy bitter cross, thy thorns to wear;

But let me not depart!

No, Lord! afresh to thee I bring,

A free, a cheerful offering,

This trusting, grateful heart.





VII.

GOD REVEALED.

All my springs are in thee.

LIGHT — light upon my soul!
Downward it streams from its celestial
fountains;
About me glows like sunrise on the moun-
tains;
It bringeth gladsome cheer,
Farewell my night of fear!

Life — life I feel within!
Fresh from its rich, immortal source de-
scending,
It lends me power divine, forever ending
The weakness felt before;
I now can faint no more.

Love — love my bosom fills !
From Him whose name is Love, it comes,
inspiring
Deep, warm, responsive love, my spirit
firing
With holy rapturous glow,
Such as pure seraphs know.

Joy — joy within my heart !
From its bright home above divinely
flowing,
Like perfume from some orient garden
blowing,
Or, like the fragrant air
Wafted o'er meadows fair.

God — God the great and good !
That from the sense his glory all con-
cealing,
To lowly faith delighteth in revealing
Himself, the Highest, Best —
All being's bliss and rest !



VIII.

GETHSEMANE.

WHERE climbs thy steep, fair Olivet,
There is a spot most dear to me:
The spot with tears of sorrow wet,
When Jesus knelt in agony.

I love in thought to linger there,
To tread the hallowed ground alone,
Where, on the silent midnight air,
Rose heavenward, Lord, thy plaintive
moan.

I fondly seek the olive shade
That veiled thee when thy soul was wrung;
When angels came to bring thee aid,
That oft to thee their harps had strung!

There, on the sacred turf, I kneel,
And breathe my heart's deep love to thee,
While tender memories o'er me steal,
Of all thou did'st endure for me.

O mystery of anguish, when
The sinless felt sin's heavy woe !
Hell madly dreamed of triumph then,
While thy dear head was bending low.

Vain dream ! No grief shall evermore
Stain, as with bloody sweat, thy brow ;
Robed in all glory—thine before—
The seraphim, surround thee now.

Yet, Lord, from off the burning throne,
Above yon stars that softly gleam,
Thou com'st to meet me here alone,
By Kedron's old familiar stream.

.



IX.

REST WARRIOR REST!

On depositing the body of Brig. Gen. James C. Rice
in the tomb.

REST, Soldier—rest!—thy weary task
is done;

Thy God—thy country—thou hast
served them well:

Thine is true glory—glory bravely won;
On lips of men unborn thy name shall
dwell.

Rest, Patriot—Christian! Thou hast early
died,

But days are measured best by noble
deeds:

Brief though thy course, thy name thou
hast allied

To those of whom the WORLD, admiring
reads.

Rest, manly form! Eternal love shall keep
Thy still repose, till breaks the final
dawn;

Our Martyr stays not here—*He knew no
sleep!*

On death's dark shadow burst a cloud-
less morn!

Live! live on fame's bright scroll, heroic
friend!

Thy memory, now, we to her record give,
To earth, thy dust: our thoughts to heaven
ascend,

Where, with the immortals, thou dost
ever live!





X.

VIA DOLOROSA.

I SEE my Lord, the pure, the meek, the
lowly,
Along the mournful way in sadness tread;
The thorns are on his brow, and He — the
Holy,
Bearing his cross, to Calvary is led!

Silent He moveth on, all uncomplaining,
Though wearily his grief and burden
press;
And foes — nor shame, nor pity now re-
straining —
With scoff and jeering mock his deep
distress.

'Tis hell's dark hour ; yet calm himself
resigning,
Even as a lamb that goeth to be slain ;
The wine-press lone he treadeth unrepining,
And falling blood-drops all his raiment
stain.

In mortal weakness 'neath his burden
sinking,
The Son of God accepts a mortal's aid !
Then passes on to Golgotha unshrinking,
Where love's divinest sacrifice is made.

Dear Lord ! what though my path be set
with sorrow,
And oft beneath some heavy cross I
groan ?
My soul, weighed down, shall strength and
courage borrow,
At thoughts of sharper griefs which thou
hast known.

And I, in tears, will yet look up with
gladness,
And hope when troubles most my hope
would drown ;
The mournful way which thou didst tread
with sadness,
Was but thy way to *glory* and thy *Crown* !





XI.

THE MAIDEN.

'TWAS on a summer evening — when
the sun was set in flame,
And the golden hues were fading, and
the twilight shadows came,
That I walked with one I loved, — one
who felt with me the power
Which o'er the heart comes tenderly in
nature's peaceful hour.

By a river-side we walked — 'twas a softly
flowing stream ;
Its murmur like sweet music stealing o'er
the sleeper's dream :
Green and mossy were the banks, cluster-
ing shrubs and arching trees
Here and there beside the waters, whis-
pered ever to the breeze.

If there are aerial spirits, as 'tis often
said in song,
Which love'mid scenes of beauty to keep
revel all night long,
Surely there they oft had gathered, on
the moonlit grassy bed,
And danced their mystic dance till the
morn was blushing red.

As arm in arm we wandered with a
quiet step and slow,
And communed in such discourse as
kindred spirits only know,
And, in thought, from earthly beauty
mounted up to worlds of light
Where beauty is immortal — ever fadeless
— ever bright;

There came a plaintive voice thro' the
stillness on the ear;
Hark!—how soft and sweet its murmur,
it is melody to hear!
We stay our steps and listen—clear on
the tranquil air,
Breaks from a leafy covert the holy words
of prayer!

'Twas a gentle maiden's voice — from the
 busy world away,
To this lovely lone retreat, at the hour
 of dying day,
She hath stolen out unseen, and on faith's
 bright wing she soars,
Breathing out her soul in worship to the
 God whom she adores.

We would have bowed in silence, for the
 place was holy ground;
God's awe was on the spirit, and 'twas
 heaven all around!
But profane it seemed to hear as that
 guileless heart aspired,
And we turned our footsteps silently, and
 from the spot retired.

Perhaps she came there nightly by the
 kindling stars of even,
To kneel upon that fragrant turf and pray
 and think of heaven;
She was, doubt not, a sweet sister, bore
 a faithful daughter's part,
Was in all things like an angel — 'Blessed
 are the pure in heart.'



SONNETS.

XII.

TO MY MOTHER.

I.

MY angel mother! Long—long years
have gone,
Since thou, yet young and fair, passed
from my sight,
Translated to the world where all is light,
From earth's dim shadows evermore
withdrawn;
Oh, bright on thy awaking broke the morn
Of life immortal; for thy soul even here
Angelic seemed, lent to this mortal
sphere,
And waiting till the eternal day should
dawn:

Yet thou did'st not forsake me when
they bore
Thee sadly forth, and fresh turf o'er
thee laid;
E'er since, I see thy gentle face each day,
And in the silent night, and still there
play
In those soft eyes the self-same smiles
that made
Thy presence a deep joy, in days of yore.

II.

Dark mystery of death! I may not break
The grave's dread silence, but, O mother
dear,
Is it a dream that thou art ever near,
And smilest on me when I sleep or wake?
Is it not granted thee e'en yet to take,
With that same overflowing tenderness
That gave me at thy knee the fond
caress,
Kind note of all my steps? Let me not
wake,

If dream it be, that thou my angel art ;
 That 'tis thy presence with me, though
 unseen,
 Which sometimes makes the tender tear
 to start, .
 And sometimes fills my soul with peace
 serene ;
 As when in childhood folded to thy breast,
 Thy calm sweet look still charms my
 griefs to rest.

.





XIII.

MRS. W. L. L.

I.

SHE hath but passed to heaven. As if
from sleep,
Sleep soft and peaceful, she awoke to
find
Earth with its pangs and tears all left
behind ;
Rose her freed spirit up the airy steep ;
On steady wing, beyond where pale stars
keep
Their watch o'er mortal griefs, she up-
ward sped,
Not lonely, but by sister spirits led,
To that dear home where eyes do never
weep :

Strange rapture thrilled her there ; and
straight her note

With sweet accord swelled the eternal
hymn

Of souls redeemed, led by the seraphim ;
Whose echoes through the circling ages
float :

Now living, conscious, pure as angels
bright,

With God she dwells in everlasting light.

II.

Who would recall her to tread o'er again
The mortal path — from heaven's pure
bliss recall ?

The wish were weakness, though full
oft must fall

Thick, blinding tears from eyes that once
were fain

To catch her genial smile, ne'er sought
in vain ;

Though many an hour fond hearts be
sad and lone,

And miss, and yearn once more to drink,
the tone
That lingers in the ear like some lost strain :
No — ye that loved her, now to heaven
resign,
Nor wish her from that nobler life with-
drawn ;
The night of grief shall pass ; and with
the morn
Shall come sweet memories ; and a face
divine
With all your worthiest thoughts shall
seem to blend,
And a fair form your wandering steps
attend.





XIV.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER'S SLEEP.

Sergeant John Hanson Thompson.

SMILE softly, skies! upon the grassy
grave;
Angels! about it holy vigils keep;
Where calm reposes, in his dreamless
sleep,
The young and manly, generous and
brave:
Deck it, ye flowers that tears of love shall
lave;
Let faithful hearts full oft beat quicker
there;
A glory not of earth the spot shall wear;
For He, the Lord of Life, that died to save,
Of the still sleeper saith — “ *He is not dead!*
Who so believeth, he shall *never die!*”

The mortal resteth here ; the immortal
— sped,
Swifter than wings or fleetest thought
can fly,
Above yon burning stars — exults to climb
Of Heaven's own life the eternal heights
sublime !





XV.

THE ANOINTING.

SHE came — the sinful — while he brake
the bread,
Her broken heart now healed, and brim-
ming o'er
With holy burning love ; she came to pour
Sweet, precious odors on that reverend
head ;
And — as by deep prophetic impulse led —
That sacred body, soon uplifted high
'Mid scorn and shame in agony to die,
Betimes to anoint for its sepulchral bed.
Ungrudgingly she did the loving deed ;
For to that glowing heart no offering
seemed,

Too rich for him — no cost too dear she
deemed,
If he with one kind look the gift might
heed :
The selfish chid, pronounced her act a
crime ;
He praised — and bade it live to latest time !





XVI.

THE ALARM.

HE kept the Passover; it was his last;
For now drew near the great predestined
day,
When of man's mighty guilt himself
should pay
With dying groans and blood the ransom
vast:
The cross was in his eye, the hours flew fast;
Yet calm he sat and looked serenely round
On all the twelve; while they with awe
profound,
And loving gaze on him, revolved the
past—
The future from them hid: then touched
He said—
“Of you one shall betray me unto death!”

At that dire word BETRAY — they all did
start,
As if a thunder peal had stilled each breath,
Or sudden mortal pang shot through each
heart :
Lord ! Is it I ? each cried with horrid dread.





XVII.

THE EXPULSION.

THE loved disciple lay upon his breast,
Drinking sweet influence from that voice
divine ;

He asked, the Master gave at once the sign
That marked the traitor, justified the rest.
Then, with convicting glance, while yet
dismay

Sat on the faces of the innocent

He said—and Judas knew the deep
intent—

“What thou hast purposed do without
delay.”

Heart-smitten, out into the murky night
Went he, foul demons ruling all his soul,

And floods of hate that surged without
control,
Then Jesus cried — his eye beamed
heavenly light —
Now shall the Son of Man, -- betrayed —
denied —
Before all men by God be glorified !





XVIII.

THE INSTITUTION.

HE took the bread and blessed it. Then
He brake
And gave to each, and said — O words
sublime !—
This is my body broken ! through all time,
In memory of my death this emblem take.
Next for the cup gave thanks. For his
dear sake,
He bade them taste the wine. Drink, 'tis
my blood,
The seal and witness of all grace in God,
Till when the judgment trump the dead
shall wake.
O sacred mystery ! Communion sweet,
Of holy loving souls !— in which they flow

All into one blest brotherhood, and meet
Ineffably their Lord ; and joy to know
That at this simple board they feast with
Him
Whose face unveiled fires the rapt seraphim !





XIX.

THE HOLY BOND.

A LITTLE while — He said — and hence
I go ;
And ye shall seek me, but ye shall not find ;
Ye may not follow now ; but left behind,
My witnesses, the world by you shall know
The truth, that truth strike root and grow ;
A holy kingdom rise and wide extend ;
Till e'en earth's proudest shall submissive
bend,
And unto me all tribes and nations flow !
Behold ! a new command to you I give ;
Love one another ; all who will be mine,
Let love in one blest fellowship combine,
That each for all, and all for each may live.
So, marked of men, shall ye 'mid earth's
dim night,
Divinely glow with pure celestial light !



XX.

GETHSEMANE.

SPREAD thick above, ye clouds, your
dusky veil,
Hide from yon stars the Savior's bitter woe;
Breathe, ye night winds, in murmurs sad
and low,
Or lift, in fitful gusts, your mournful wail:
Listen, thou Olivet! and Kedron's vale
Catch the sad accents that are borne to
thee
From yonder shade — thine own Geth-
semane —
As when one pleadeth, and doth not prevail.
See, to the earth the holy sufferer sinks;

Weighs on his heart an anguish all
 unknown ;
Bursts from his lips the thrice repeated
 prayer,
Yet firm his will the utmost pang to bear ;
Till for him fainting while the cup he
 drinks,
Angels bring succors from the eternal
 throne !





XXI.

THE SACRIFICE.

WONDER of wonders! On the cross
He dies!

Man of the ages — David's mighty Son —
The Eternal Word, who spake and it was
done,

What time, of old, he formed the earth
and skies.

Abashed be all **the** wisdom of the wise!
Let the wide earth through all her king-
doms know

The promised Lamb of God, whose blood
should flow,

For human guilt the grand, sole sacrifice:
No more need altar smoke, nor victim
bleed;

'Tis finished! — the great mystery of love;

Ye sin-condemned, by this blood 'tis
decreed

Ye stand absolved; behold the curse
remove!

O Christ! thy deadly wounds, thy mortal
strife

Crush death and hell, and give immortal
life!





MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

I.

THE SPIRIT'S LIFE.

The following poem was delivered before the Literary Fraternity, Waterville College, and the Porter Rhetorical Society, Theological Seminary, Andover, at their Anniversaries, August and September, 1837.

WHEN from her course, o'er stormy
billows driven,
Some gallant ship on fatal rocks is riven,
The hapless sailor, cast upon the shore,
To see his home and native land no more,
Deems all around him desolate ; and vain
The hope that he shall e'er be glad again :
But when revolving years prolong his stay,
They steal, by slow degrees, his gloom
away ;

Till used — the heart is o'er the world
the same —
To call it Home,—he loves it for the name.

So is it with us all: since when exiled
From the dear spot where early Eden
smiled,
Where perfect man 'mid perfect beauty trod,
And innocent, like angels, walked with
God,
Strangers and friendless on the lone world
thrown,
We sigh for blooming seats no more our
own:
But doomed returnless, wisdom bids us
prove
What ills we may but suffer, what remove:
By hard experience taught the priceless
skill
From sorrow joy to draw, and good from ill,
Yet a few flowers we teach around to grow,
And though we reach not bliss, escape
from woe.

We live a twofold life; The grosser
 sense,
 Allied to earth, must draw its life from
 thence;
 A life oft harrassed by unfilled desire,
 Whose joys are transient, and whose
 hopes expire:
 Not by the noble mind too highly prized,
 Nor yet, by God appointed, all despised.

The Spirit of an essence half divine,
 Hath its own proper life; nor may resign
 The high prerogative, that bids transcend
 Dull sense, and make the invisible its end,
 Its home the universe. It LIVES but where
 It finds the PERFECT, and the TRUE, and
 FAIR.

Not they who eager throng the crowded
 mart
 Where fortune waits her favors to impart;
 Nor they who sit where pleasure wreaths
 her bower;
 Nor they who climb the giddy heights
 of power;

Nor they who curious rove from clime to
clime ;

Nor they whom learning tempts to plunder
time ;

Attain what may the inward thirst supply,
And gild life's moments as they hasten by :
'Tis theirs whose youth, whose manhood,
and whose age

The BEAUTIFUL, the TRUE, the GOOD,
engage.

Say what is Beauty, and direct us where.
What hearts may feel, but never words
declare.

'Tis nature's mystery ;—a silent spell,
That chains the soul like music's gifted
shell :

'Tis the pleased spirit's harmony ; the thrill
Of chords by unseen fingers touched with
skill :

Of power to calm, when stormy passions
move,

And wake the soul to tenderness and love.

Where is it, askest thou? expand thy
soul

To grasp of finite things the mighty whole :
Scan with attentive eye each part in turn ;
The stars that glitter, and the suns that
burn,

Far as the assisted orb can stretch its view :
The broad expanse, where God's own
finger drew

The path of moving worlds, through which
they urge

Eternally their flight, nor once diverge :
The azure air — where fleecy clouds repose,
And float majestic as it ebbs and flows ;
Or kindle in the sun's departing glow ;
Or, darkly frowning, arch the mystic bow :
The sea — that moaning heaves its foam-
ing crest,

Or sleeps unruffled, when the tempests
rest :

The earth — that once accursed when sin
began,

Forgetful of the wrong still blooms for man :
Morn — when it purples all the eastern hill :

Eve — when the stars are mirrored in the
rill :

All nature's noble face is bright and fair,
The smile of beauty plays for ever there.

But nicer shades the searching eye may
trace ;

Minuter study shows diviner grace :

Each single object, perfect in each part,
Each scene complete, with wonder fills
the heart.

Exchange the busy city, or the town,
For the lone wilderness. There sit thee
down

Where waves the pine amid the clear
blue sky,

And greets the breathing zephyr with a
sigh :

The Gothic fir, that lifts its head in pride,
Nor bows, though tempests sweep the
forest wide,

Stands in still majesty. Encircling round,

A thousand names in wild disorder found,
Blend all their thousand shades of varied
 green,
And open far retreating glades between.
Like a fair child at play, the mountain
 stream
Leaps babbling by, and sparkles in the
 beam
That falls where parted boughs a path
 disclose :
Athwart the old moss oak its long arms
 throws,
As age bends over youth ; while o'er the
 brink,
The rose and lily stoop, as if to drink.
The timid fawn is there to slake his thirst :
The thrasher and the blue jay safe have
 nursed
Their unfledged young, and pour their
 clear wild notes,
That one may deem an angel chorus floats :
And flowers by God's own care unnum-
 bered spring,
And 'mid the maze of beauty fragrance
 fling.

Turn next where man essays, with
patient toil,
To disembowel earth; and mark the spoil
Which forth he drags, his labor to repay.
See where the sunbeams on the crystal
play,
Or fall, refracted by the brilliant gem,
Destined to grace a monarch's diadem;
Note the bright masses of the precious ore,
Henceforth to swell the rich man's cof-
fered store:
On all the products of the teeming mine,
Beauty is writ in characters divine.

Or, leaving nature, fix thy roving
thought
On the fair works that human skill hath
wrought.
Eternal Rome's proud Vatican go tread;
Rich mausoleum of the gifted dead:
Where sculpture bids the marble bosom
heave,
The lip to utter, and the eye to grieve;

Give to the wretch Laocoon a tear ;
Or gaze in silence on the Belvidere ;
Pause where, with pencil dipped in magic
 dye,
Painting transcends all hues of earth and
 sky ;
And while thy rapt soul feels the mighty
 spell
Of gorgeous Titian, or bold Raphael,
That fixed in wonder, thou couldst ever
 wait,
Learn what the beauty genius can create.

And there is beauty on the classic page ;
Immortal product of each perished age :
Where graphic Homer, master of the lyre,
Or melts to pity, or inflames to ire :
Where Plato, half divine, intensely soars,
And wide unfathomed realms of thought
 explores :
Where breathes, chaste Virgil, thy sweet
 tuneful lay ;
Or the thronged forum owns rich Tully's
 sway ;

Or where Petrarca sighs in later time;
Or Dante's numbers roll — dark — wild —
sublime:

Or our own Milton, with adventurous flight,
Sweeps heaven and hell, and 'chaos and
old night:'

Where gentle Addison provokes a smile,
And to fair virtue wins the heart the while;
Or splendid Burke pours his exhaustless
stream;

Or Johnson kindles on the moral theme.

But close the eye of sense, and thou
shalt find
Yet fairer forms of beauty in the mind.
The inward eye hath vision more serene;
It sees a world no eye of sense hath seen;
Ideal all — transcendent — ever bright:
Imagination thither bends her flight;
Bids the charmed soul 'mid radiant forms
to range,
And hues that fade not, yet for ever change;
And there where soft eternal sunlight
gleams,

Find calm repose, and dream bright glorious dreams!

AND WHAT IS TRUTH? Thou Source of
truth benign,
Light in whose light we see, to say is thine!
'Tis the great sum of all thy will hath
wrought:
The antitype of THINE ETERNAL THOUGHT.

Go, grave inquirer, search the plan
profound,
Of God ordained, or ever years rolled round!
Which firmly fixed what nature's laws we
call,
That bid the planet roll, the pebble fall:
That atoms join, by close attraction held,
Or sever, by repulsive force impelled;
That send the Spring's sweet blush, the
Summer's bloom,
The Autumn's riches, and the Winter's
gloom;
That all the changes of all things control,
And bind in wondrous harmony the whole.

Enter man's inmost soul; the search
pursue :

A voice, than Delphic oracle more true,
Shall utter its response, nor once deceive
What ear may listen, or what heart believe ;
Shall whisper truth by intuition taught,
Or drawn by reason from the wells of
thought :

Shall bid thee to the Infinite ascend,
To God, Eternity, thy being's end ;
Reveal thee subject to the changeless
throne,
And speak unending ages all thine own.

The Book of God unfold. There radiant
shine,
By his own Spirit written, truths divine.
Lo ! where thick clouds and flame his way
attend,
On shuddering Sinai's top the Lord
descend !
While the shrill trump affrights the
startled ear,

And thrills the heart, rebellious Israel hear
 Man's sum of duty down to latest time,
 By God's own awful voice pronounced
 sublime.

The harp of Prophecy, in lofty lays,
 Pours the rich notes of truth in after days :
 Till He whose name is Truth — bright
 morning Star —
 Bursts on the world and spreads his beams
 afar !

O sacred Truth ! Say if thou may'st be
 found
 Above, beneath, within us and around ;
 Why from the many liest thou all con-
 cealed ?
 Why to the favored few alone revealed ?
 Methinks I hear thy gentle voice reply,
 'Tis these alone that search with single eye :
 The many, or with pride or passion blind,
 But seem to seek, and therefore may not
 find.
 The schoolman, learned, mystical, acute ;

The pedant, vain, conceited, and astute ;
The skeptic, ever on suspicion bent,
To evidence too weak to yield assent ;
The caviller, who each argument gainsays,
Of tact or wit ambitious of the praise ;
The reckless, who, if Truth or stand or fall,
Alike unheeding, never think at all ;
Such, self-deluded, I forsake to cheer
The childlike spirit, humble yet sincere.

CELESTIAL GOODNESS ! may we speak thy
name,
Nor feel each cheek consume with burn-
ing shame ?
We've banished thee ! Yet deign'st thou
to return,
With them to linger who unheed or spurn ?
Ah ! how unlike this sombre world of
crime,
Of violence, and wrath, to that fair clime,
Thy native seat, where myriad harps are
strung
To hymn thy praise, and dulcet strains
are sung !

Earth's hapless region, grating discords fill ;
Dark malice roams unchained, intent on ill,
And leering envy lurks in many a breast,
And reign insatiate lusts that know no rest :
Now calumny lets fly the envenomed shaft ;
Now murder grimly pours the noxious
draught ;
Or strength gives weakness to rewardless
toil ;
Or lawless rapine revels in its spoil ;
War fiercely waves the desolating brand,
And scatters ruin o'er a smiling land ;
And peaceful where the towering city
stood,
Leaves smouldering ruins reeking human
blood.

Yet Goodness hath not bid the earth
farewell.
Come with me to yon lowly cot, where
dwell
Want's wretched children. Pale disease
is there :
The ghastly cheek and wasted limbs
declare

Its mortal ravages : the fevered head
Throbs restless on the hard and cheerless
bed :

It is a widow pines ; doomed to behold
Victims of hunger, nakedness and cold,
Her lonely babes ; and many a bitter tear
Weeps for them fatherless — no friend is
near !

But stay. Like some kind ministering
angel sent,

A gentle stranger comes, to soothe intent
The sufferer's anguish, and to bring relief
To instant woes ; while for the soul's deep
grief,

She offers balm eternal love hath given,
And points the dying eye to God and
Heaven !

Come listen to the pining prisoner's
moan :

'Mid the deep dungeon's gloom, despond-
ing, lone,

He lies immured, remote from cheerful day,
To noxious air and foul disease a prey.

No mother's love — no tender sister's
smile —

No wife's caress — the dreary hours beguile ;
Too blest might end his anguish with
his breath,

Impatient chides he the slow pace of Death.
Hark ! swings the massy door with
grating sound !

'Tis but the warder treads his daily round :
No ! there are tones of kindness : how
they roll

Like waves of blessedness o'er that crushed
soul,

Long — long resigned to desolate despair !
Some Howard, breathing goodness enters
there.

Where Gunga wanders to the distant
main,
Embanked by spicy grove and blooming
plain,
Come sit thee down awhile. The sultry day
Is o'er ; and gorgeous twilight fades away
In the far west ; cool down the rippling
stream

The perfumed breezes sweep, while every
beam

The moon lets fall from the transparent sky
To greet the wave, reflected meets the eye.
And all is silent, save the measured dash
Of yonder oars, that in the soft light flash.
How beautiful! But hark! that piercing
cry,

That tells some tortured heart's deep
agony!

See — 'tis a mother! and her arm hath
prest

Her cherub infant closely to her breast!
Ah! 'tis her last embrace, or e'er she
throws,

And o'er the innocent the waters close!
Stay, frantic mother! nor unclasp thine
arm!

Lay not thine hand upon thy babe for harm!
A voice as if from heaven, ere yet too late,
Prevents the sacrifice — arrests the fate.
Yes! there is one shall bid that mother
care,

With nature's yearning, for the babe she
bare;
From home self-banished, and from kindred dear,
He came to light her soul, to calm her fear;
And so he may but lift her thoughts on high,
Consents 'neath burning suns to toil and die!

If finite Goodness move thee to admire,
Thy soul shall to the perfect next aspire:
Thirst for the Infinite, resigned no more
To dwell with sin and hate, and upwards
soar:
Through purer regions, worlds serenely
bright,
And ranks of spotless beings, urge its
flight;
And past all things create, shall last ascend
To God Supreme, in Him the quest to end.

O come the better day, when every gale
That sweeps from heaving hill or sunny
vale,

Shall sweetly breathe of purity and peace !
When passion's rage and party strife shall
cease :

When Learning, from her venerated halls,
Shall send forth sons whom no fierce
summons calls

To noisy conflict, that lays waste the mind,
Nor leaves one noble sympathy behind ;
When like the surges spent upon the shore,
The waves of tumult shall forget to roar :
Society grow calm ; and men begin,
Withdrawn from outward life, to live
within.

That life earth's every joy shall twice
endear ;

Give nature language, and the soul an ear ;
Make reason utter truth, the soul approve,
And pure affections the pure spirit move !

Ah ! who would quench the nobler
spirit's fire
In sensual life — the life of low desire ?

Who spurn the holy birthright nature
 gave,
 To be ambition's fool, and pleasure's slave?
 Let such, inglorious and perversely blind,
 Grasp meaner things, and madly starve
 the mind;
 Ignoble let them live, and nameless die,
 And 'Infamy' be written where they lie!

But ye, whom loftier purposes impel
 To choose the richer meed of living well:
 Who feel the spirit's heaven enkindled
 flame
 Mount upward to the source from whence
 it came;
 And nerve your fervent souls for worthier
 strife,
 Instinct with inward energy and life:
 Ye gaze, alternate filled with hopes and
 fears,
 Adown the vista of approaching years,
 As conscious many a storm shall fierce
 assail,
 And trembling, lest or strength or cour-
 age fail;

That ye may calm abide, when billows roll,
Commune with God — with Nature — and
the Soul :

Nurture the Spirit with a Spirit's food ;
Oh ! love the BEAUTIFUL — the TRUE —
the GOOD !





II.

THE MONKS OF CHESTER.

I felt as I wound my way along the echoing passages, a solemn awe, and a vague and indescribable sympathy with the long forgotten past. My imagination restored the old Monks to life.—*Author's Sketches.*

WHERE are they then? those hooded
men,

Whose footfalls now no more,
Yon arches echo back again
That echoed oft of yore?

Here, in the olden time, they strolled
Along the well-worn aisle,
And swelled the solemn chant, that rolled
Through all the massy pile!

The reverend Abbot trim and sleek,
With well feigned look demure,
The burly friar whose aspect meek
Expressed devotion pure —

Here dwelt in yonder cloisters grim;
And oft were seen to glide
Through those old winding galleries dim,
Like ghosts at eventide.

Yon vaults well filled with rosy wine,
The larder with good cheer,
Well pleased they could *the world resign*,
To tell their Aves here!

When round that stern old tower the storm
Howled dismally and wild,
In yon refectory bright and warm,
The well spread banquet smiled.

Round went the goblet, and each quaff
Warmed each glad heart the more;
Round went the song—the jovial laugh
Burst forth in loud uproar!

Nor died away—till from above,
With measured solemn peal,
The midnight hour was told,—*their love*,
And self-denying zeal!

Oh where are these good Fathers now?
The crumbling walls ask — Where?
O'er those sepulchral pavements bow
And ask,— **THEY SLUMBER THERE!**





III.

CLOUDS.

WE looked when wintry winds should
sweep,
For bright blue skies and clear keen air,
That should all life in motion keep,
Make glad the soul to its lowest deep;
Should bid all faces a lustre wear,
Give nerve to climb the slippery steep,
Or over the smooth ice firm and strong,
With glee and shouting to course along.

But dull gray clouds for days have spread
O'er the wide arching heaven; and earth
Hath lost its smile, its glow hath fled,
As if no sun were high o'er head;
And hearts are heavy, and joy and mirth
Are half suppressed, or wholly dead:

Life hath put on a sombre hue,
And eyes look drooping and words are few.

So nicely are our spirits strung
Responsive to each sound or sight;
The plaintive wail by the wild wind sung,
The leaden look of the sky o'erhung
With vapors that darken the day's pure
 light,
Bring sadness, like cypress shadows flung
Darkly athwart our path, till slow
And solemn the tread, as we come and go.

Break forth, bright ever shining sun!
These brooding earth-born mists dispel;
In the blue serene thy circuit run,
Pouring thy splendor till day is done —
Till with glad thoughts our bosoms swell,
And all life seems as if fresh begun:
Full of vigor and hope and power,
Crowding with deeds each joyous hour.

Oh for that fairer clime where flow
Eternal days of health and gladness!

Where never a howling wind shall blow,
Nor cloud the gloom of its shadows throw,
To tinge the immortal life with sadness;
No dreary moments that life shall know,
For while the unending cycles fill,
The UNVEILED THRONE shall be cloudless
still!





IV.

THE SONG OF THE SEVEN.

Auld Lang Syne.

These stanzas owe their origin to a delightful tour to the White Mountain region, several years since, by "the seven" in their own carriages. After wandering for several days together among the glorious scenery, they ended with an Oration by one of the company and the Song of the Seven, by another, at the hotel of the pretty village of Ossipee.

WE SEVEN kind souls, by friendly chance,
Together hold our way:
All with one impulse we advance,
Or with one will we stay.

Far — far away each well-loved home,
Our absence may regret;
But since awhile we needs must roam,
We joy that we are met.

These gliding days have seen us climb
The mountain's lofty side,
And from the top, all grey with time,
Gain prospects rich and wide.

The valley sweet, the wandering stream,
Green woods and arching skies,
Have seemed like some bright, lovely dream
To our enraptured eyes.

The winding ride o'er plain and hill,
With everchanging scene,
The headlong brook, the gentle rill,
Calm lakes green slopes between :

The basin in the solid rock,
Where crystal waters lie ;
The dell 'neath cliffs by some rude shock
Left frowning dark and high :

Where, when o'er all the moon-beams sleep,
And silence reigns profound,
Fairies may bathe, and vigils keep,
And lightly trip it round :

Oft coming the rough way to smooth,
The cup of balmy TEA;¹
And oft our weariness to soothe,
The merry laugh and glee:

The morning when, each day, begin
Fresh joys and fresh desire;
The social evening at the Inn,
Where climbs some village spire:

The peaceful hour of prayer, the day
Of holy Sabbath rest,
When bidding earth's best joys away,
We worshipped and were blest:

All these our memories shall keep,
While years shall wing their flight,
As gems in fountains clear and deep,
Lie sparkling pure and bright.

¹ A beverage of which one of the seven was particularly fond, and which at every hotel he gave particular directions to have made *strong*!

All lovely forms, and shapes sublime,
 Shall float before us long;
 Shall tempt aspiring thought to climb,
 Or wake the breathing song.

When scattered far, and toil and care
 Shall cloud the troubled brow;
 Fresh smiles, the thought shall kindle there
 Of pleasures tasted now.

When wanderings cease with us — THE
 SEVEN,
 Life's weary way all trod —
 May friendship's chain grow bright in
 heaven
 Around the throne of God!



V.

THE VOICE OF FREEDOM.

THE NEBRASKA BILL, 1854.

'TIS Freedom's voice, the joyous tone
 Swells loud and far o'er sea and main :
The tyrant, on his tottering throne,
 Shall strive to hush that shout in vain :
Man, long oppressed, awakes, and stands
With soul erect, and stalwart hands.

Breaks the bright morn, in days of yore
 By holy seers so fondly sung,
When crushed by wrong to earth no more,
 The chains shall from his arms be flung ;
When all that feel oppression's rod,
Shall tread the earth — the freed of God.

Once waked and fired, the God-like soul
 Sleeps not again ; no force can stay

The glancing thought that spurns control;
Truths on it flash, as lightnings play,
While clouds and darkness thick surround
And thunders shake the solid ground.

From Tiber's banks, from Arno fair:
From many an Alpine cliff and glen;
From Rhone and Rhine; from Danube
where

The Magyar waits to strike again:
Come murmurs which the day fortell,
When sounds the last oppressor's knell!

E'en the stern Turk has caught the word,
And Mejid swears in Freedom's name;
For Freedom flashes Omar's sword,
And Schamyll burns with Freedom's
flame;

O'er Asia's plains her echoes sweep,
And China breaks her ancient sleep.

My native land! my native land!

Art thou not Freedom's chosen home?
Her place of rest, where many a band
Of sorrowing exiles cease to roam?

Joy—joy to see the nations wake
To lofty deeds for Freedom's sake!

Ah!—joy thou shouldst; but burning
shame

Mounts to the cheek, to think that thou,
Mother of heroes who o'ercame

In Freedom's holy cause, shouldst now
Permit the bondman's groans to rise
And cry against thee to the skies!

Shade of Virginia's mighty son!

Disturbed it not thy peaceful sleep—
That deed of wrong, ignobly done,

A faultless woman doomed to weep?
Woman—the generous, noble, kind,
Virginia, thou hast stooped *to bind!*¹

To bind for tender pity shown

To captives who thy bondage bear:
For Christ-like love, that should have
sown

¹ A respectable lady was just before imprisoned in Virginia for teaching some colored children to read.

The seeds of truth bedewed by prayer,
In saddened hearts by thee consigned
To shades that dim the immortal mind!

Land of my birth! shall virtue be
In thee a prisoner sent to dwell,
Oppression's martyr — while I see
False, recreant statesmen, Freedom *sell*?
THE WORLD'S DEEP SCORN the man must
brave
Who gives Nebraska to the slave!





VI.

NATURE.

'TWAS morn — a beautiful morn of May ;
I sought to refresh an exhausted mind ;
And I led from the stable my faithful bay,
And toward the deep forest I took my way,
Leaving men and their haunts behind.

My path was lonely and rude ; it wound
A devious way over hill and through
glen ;
Of the tree-felling axe there was heard no
sound,
But the grandeur of nature unmarred I
found.
As if Eden had bloomed again.

I pause and listen ! and hark the sigh
Of the soft wind stealing among the
trees ;
And see ! the pine waves 'mid the clear
blue sky,
And the fir as it lifts its proud head on
high,
Just nods to the passing breeze.

There a mountain stream down a deep
ravine
Leaps babbling by like a child at play —
O'erbending the old moss oak is seen,
Like age over youth — as the rocks
between,
It rushes with foam and spray.

From the wanton school-boy's eye remote,
The birds here nurture their unfledged
young ;
And the Robin, the Thrasher, the Blue
Jay's note,
Like a chorus of angels seems to float
The wild forest boughs among.

The squirrel peeps from his snug retreat,
In the hollow trunk of an aged tree,
And along the bough trips with his fairy
feet,
And frisks his tail as he takes his seat,
As if to contemplate me!

Where yonder cliff lifts its bald blue head,
On a leafless branch sits an eagle proud;
Scared at the sound of the horse's tread,
His broad brown pinions are slowly spread,
And he soars to the floating cloud.

O nature! how pure, how majestic thou!
I joy to behold thee thus lonely and wild;
And whene'er I gaze on thy beauty as now,
To the Fountain of Beauty my soul would
bow,—
And love like a dutiful child.¹

¹ This piece was written earlier than the 'Spirit's Life;' and three or four lines were transferred from it to that.



VII.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S PROCLAMATION.

Let my people go !

'TIS done — 'tis done ! the word is spoken ;
Oppression's final hour is nigh ;
The spell dissolves ; the charm is broken ;
Freedom's glad shout shall rend the sky !

On the great dial-plate of ages,
The light advanced, no more recedes ;
On and yet on, the historic pages
Reveal God's march to him that reads !

His word of ancient promise keeping,
That wrong at last shall yield to right,
He comes — no more His justice sleep
ing —
For judgment comes, and clothed with
might !

His ear hath heard the bondman's groaning;
His hand, of wrongs the score hath kept;
His eye hath marked when mothers
moaning
Like Rachel, for their children wept.

As through the Land of Nile resounding,
His voice rang out — *Let Israel go!*
So rings it now, clear, loud, confounding,
To ears that well the mandate know.

Like some swift, cleaving blow, 'tis falling
On proud rebellion's vaunting crest;
The loyal and the brave 'tis calling
To stand for freedom, breast to breast.

O ye who long in hopeless sorrow,
Have toiled, and wept, and seen no
dawn,
There breaks, at length, a glad to-morrow;
Wake! wake! and hail the joyous morn.

'Tis freedom's day! Its splendor glancing
From hill to vale shall flood the land;

'Tis freedom's sun to noon advancing:
Chains burst—they drop from every
hand!

Oh! not in vain that blood is flowing
That stains yon fields of gory strife;
With loftier hopes and wishes glowing,
Millions are born to nobler life.

With freedom's flame glad hearts are
burning;
They throb with joy before unknown;
To visions bright glad eyes are turning,
Gleams of a future all their own.

God haste it! Holy souls are praying,
Come freedom's hour with swiftest
speed!

God haste it! long—ah! long delaying,
Now—now—our hosts to victory lead!



VIII.

MORNING WATCHES.

By the Seaside, Little Compton, R. I.

'TIS not yet dawn; from troubled sleep
And strange bewildering dreams I rise;
Here at the casement will I keep
Still vigils with the sea and skies:
I know not why, a tender sadness
Broods o'er my spirit at this hour;
Perchance the dawn may bring me
 gladness,
And give my soul fresh hope and power.

Yon ocean, stretching far away,
Blends in the darkness with the sky,
Hither its low, dull murmurs stray,
Now hoarsely swell, now sink and die:
That restless sea is heaving ever,
Kissed by the breeze or tempest tost,

Type of the soul that resteth never,
By pleasure stirred, by sorrow crossed.

But see — o'er yonder deep afar,
Wreathed in soft mist, yet purely bright,
Ascends the glorious morning star,
And sheds serene her placid light :
Sweet pledge of day! — thy radiance
glowing

O'er the dim ocean's heaving breast,
Like some kind influence thro' me flowing,
Brings to my spirit peace and rest.

Oh, ever when 'mid trouble's night,
With drooping hope and saddened heart,
I wait and watch for cheering light,
And falls the tear unwont to start;
May some fair messenger of heaven,
All bright and beautiful as thou,
Be to my anxious vision given,
And all my griefs be healed as now.



IX.

TO MY SISTER

ON HER WEDDING DAY.

THE hour is come, my sister,
When thou givest thy plighted hand,
And the nuptial throng are gathered,
A youthful, brilliant band:
Each heart is filled with gladness,
As the bridal wreath they twine,
And 'twere wrong that a shade of sadness,
Should cloud that brow of thine.

True thou leavest, now, my sister,
Youth's bright and careless ring,
And graver thoughts await thee,
And cares in thy pathway spring;
Yet let not a tear-drop falling,
O'ercast thy smiles to-day,

'Tis the voice of love that's calling,
From the old dear scenes away.

The heart thou hast loved, my sister,
The heart thou hast loved is warm;
Doubt not thou wilt find it faithful,
True alike amid calm and storm:
In the calm it will tenderly cherish,
In the storm it will firmly defend,
And though other trusts may perish,
This — this shall not fail, till life end.

I have loved thee well, my sister,
I have watched thee many a year;
Can I see thee from me passing
And stay the uprising tear?
Yes — go — long nurtured flower,
Yes — go — and I'll not repine;
Though plucked from my own dear bower,
I yield thee — thy joy is mine.

Heaven send thee its blessing, dear sister,
The light of God's love be o'erthrown,
The angels be ever around thee,
Thy heart be as blest as my own:

Then when death which earth's ties must
dissever,
Shall bear thee o'er the dark tide,
Go wander and love forever,
The calm waters of heaven beside.





X.

NELLY.

I KNEW a gentle maiden,
Her cheek was pale, but fair;
Her eye was blue, of the softest hue,
And a golden brown her hair.

She used to cross the meadow,
Skip nimbly o'er the stile;
Her motion light as the swallow's flight,
Like a sunbeam's play her smile.

As o'er the grassy common,
To school she blithely went,
In grace, she seemed like a fairy dreamed,
Like an angel in content.

With every Sabbath's dawning,
 Up to the house of prayer
 The maiden came,—for she loved the
 name
 Of the Savior worshipped there.

She went and came so often,
 That each returning morn,
 My eye would stray down the winding
 way,
 Till she had come and gone.

One day—the sun shone brightly,—
 I watched, but watched in vain;
 With a weary eye saw the day go by,
 For she came not o'er the plain.

No more I saw her coming
 With light, elastic bound;
 The frost of death—it had chilled her
 breath,
 And she slept beneath the ground.

Oh! there was bitter anguish,
And there were floods of grief;
A home made sad, that before was glad,
In that life so bright and brief.

But goodness liveth ever,
It cannot, cannot die;
When lost to earth, by a holy birth
It is born to a life on high.

And still sweet Nelly liveth
Beyond the stars of night;
Where all are fair, she is shining there,
Herself a star of light!





XI.

TO MY WIFE,

Jan. 1st, 1864.

I'VE sought the city o'er to find
Dearest! a fitting gift for thee;
In vain! There's nothing to my mind,
Of all the tasteful things I see.

'Tis not that works of taste and art,
Books, pictures, jewels, I despise;
These have their uses, and impart
Some pleasure, even to the wise.

But these are trifles to my thought,
When this full heart would fondly prove,
What price by years it hath been taught
To set on thy pure, faithful love.

Each gift most beautiful and rare,
Seems all unequal to express
The fervent gratitude I bear,
For all thy life-long tenderness!

To every year that speeds its flight,
Each must 'tis said some grace resign;
But flying years, to my pleased sight,
Add grace to every charm of thine.

Thy riper judgment, richer mind,
Enlarged experience, firmer will,
Leave no regrets for days behind,
But bless and satisfy me still.

Time the arch-robber hath no power
To steal thy solid worth away;
He cannot touch thy peerless dower
Of virtues that know not decay.

My heart's best offering, dearest, take;
Its changeless love, its steady trust;
'Tis thine till earth's last tie shall break;
And I shall sleep in silent dust.

Aye, where immortal life shall glow,
Where endless years serenely glide,
Firm is my faith that I shall know
THEE as my fair, IMMORTAL BRIDE !





XII.

THE MOUNTAIN MAID.

While riding among the Alps, you continually encounter flocks of sheep and herds of cattle wherever there are grassy spots, under the care of young women, who stand or sit all day beside them, occupying themselves, generally, with braiding straw. There is something highly picturesque in the appearance of these herds with their fair attendants, as you find them in these mountain solitudes.—*Author's Sketches.*

SHE sits upon the mountain side,
The herd is grazing by;
At hand soft murmuring waters glide,
Around cool shadows lie.

Beside her on the grass are laid
The well adjusted straws,
With which to weave the tasteful braid,
That o'er her knee she draws.

Upon her nut-brown cheek there glows
 Of health the blushing hue ;
 Her eyes, like dew-drops on the rose,
 Are pearly, soft and blue.

All blithe and happy is her air,
 Throughout the live-long day ;
 As to her breast corroding care
 Hath never found its way.

And yet she bears, full well I know,
 A tender human heart,
 Where deep and warm affections glow,
 And wishes fondly start.

Perhaps adown in yonder glen,
 A mother's grateful smile,
 As with each eve she comes again,
 Awaits her all the while.

And well the thought of such delight,
 May cheer the lonely child,
 As pass the hours their lingering flight,
 'Mid solitude and wild.

Perchance as thus alone she sits,
Intent her task to ply,
A dream of some fond lover flits,
Before her inward eye.

And fancy paints her happy lot,
In days when she shall be
The matron of a mountain cot,
With children round her knee.

Perchance she hath a lofty soul,
The gifts of genius rare,
Reads on each crag a written scroll,
Hears voices in the air.

But what she hath of hopes or fears,
It is not mine to know;
Yet will I wish, fair maid, thy years
All peacefully may flow.

That time may thy best hopes fulfil,
And all thy visions bright
Be changed to truth;—yet upward still—
Still upward—be thy flight!

.



XIII.

THE BIRTHDAY.

May 2nd, 1834.

TO-DAY just eight and twenty years,
A day of mingled hopes and fears,
Remembered well, though now afar,
Rose on the world an unknown star.
Unknown, yet not unlooked for, came
The trembling thing without a name!
Emerging from the eternal deep,
Where unthought mysteries ever sleep,
It rose in beauty on our sight,
A ray of the celestial light.
Tears greeted it, but not of sadness,
Tears warm with love and bright with
gladness;

And grateful thanks to heaven were sent
For this fair gift so kindly lent,
On life's dim shadowy way to smile,
And its oft weary hours beguile.

That glimmering star as years have flown,
Has larger waxed and brighter grown ;
And loving hearts have quicker beat,
And eyes have glowed its glance to meet.
Now clear, full-orbed, ascended high,
It fixes many a gazing eye ;
And kindly influence lets fall
O'er a wide sphere to gladden all.
A guiding star—it sheds its beams ;
A star of comfort now it seems ;
A star elect, set 'mid the band
The Highest holds in his right hand.
Purer and purer may it glow !
Wide and more wide its splendor throw !
When —past its latest natal day —
Its light for earth shall fade away,
More fair and glorious let it rise,
To blaze on the eternal skies !



XIV.

TO CLARA.

LADY of gentle mien and eye,
We every hour have missed thee,
Since when we gave the last good-bye,
And, at the parting, kissed thee!

The stars above grow dim at dawn,
Are lost in day's full beaming;
But thou, our star, on that last morn,
Didst shine with brighter gleaming.

Thy winning ways and witching smile,
Seemed all enhanced in losing,
And sweeter grew each tone the while;
Ah -- 'twas not of *our* choosing —

But thou, wouldst leave us ! Yet perchance
Kind hearts for thee were pining,
Which saw their sun of joy advance,
As we saw ours declining !

I saw thee last upon the deck,
A manly hand warm grasping ;
Who — who in thought or wish would
check
The fervor of that clasping !

Ah ! happy all thy future years,
Where'er thy steps are bending,
So thou may'st have, thro' toils and tears,
That manly form attending !

Nay do not blush, some smiling cot
Awaits thy charms to grace it
Heaven send thee earth's divinest lot,
Till Heaven itself replace it !



SONNETS.

XV.

THE RIDE.

Williamstown, Mass.

I.

WE rode, in genial mood, a friendly band,
Where climbed a winding path o'er many
a steep,
And caught, from height to height, on
either hand,
Visions of beauty in the valleys deep ;
There gentle Hoosic holds his peaceful
way,
With meadow banks of green, and trees
o'erhung ;
There are sweet pastures where the blithe
lambs play

And sober herds repose ; fields where is
 sung
The reaper's troll as o'er his arm is flung
The ripened grain that for the sheaf he
 binds:
There gleams the village spire, and deep
 among
Thick elms and maples hid, the eye yet
 finds
The classic halls whence, with each year,
 are sent
Men of high soul on noble ends intent.

II.

There lift the mountains their majestic
 forms,
Wearing their forest robes, a rich attire,
Unharm'd by wasting time, or raging
 storms,
Serene when thunders on their brows ex-
 pire.
So blend the lovely and the grand around,
Fix the pleas'd eye and charm the ad-
 miring soul;

Joy warms each heart, pure, tranquil and
profound ;

O'er each, blest impulses delicious roll ;
We snatched each view, drank in each
rural sound ;

The brook's dull murmur and the wind's
soft sigh ;

And while 'mid scenes of beauty on we
wound,

Each troubled thought seemed in the heart
to die ;

Peace filled each breast, and hope that
friendship's chain

Might firmly bind till perfect love should
reign.





XVI.

PALMER'S INDIAN MAID.

I.

WONDROUS Enchanter! at that touch
of thine,
The cold dead marble warms, and lives,
and wakes;
The shape thy thought would give, it plastic takes,
Rises and stands in symmetry divine:
That Indian Maid seems but to wait thy call,
To break the spell of silence, and in speech,
With those just parting lips our souls to teach
Truths pure as crystal drops on flowers
let fall.

For not alone the outline soft as air,
With each material grace that charms the
 sight,
Thou fashionest, but settest also there
A spiritual beauty, calm, etherial, bright;
As if within there glowed an angel soul
Whose living light serene suffused the
 whole!

II.

Creator of the Beautiful and True,
What matchless shapes before thine in-
 ward eye
Forever float! what visions open lie
Of rarest things that science never knew!
As in the bosom of the sleeping lake
That no breath ruffles, of a summer morn,
Sky, mountain, rock and tree, green slope
 and lawn,
A treasury of beauty seem to make;
Even so, methinks, dwell ever in thy mind
Types of all fairest things — an endless
 store —

That stay thy bidding to stand forth
enshrined

In visible form, thenceforth to change no
more.

Thy pure creations bid our souls aspire
To know the Infinite Beauty, and admire!





XVII.

VAUCLUSE.

Passing the bridge, you stand in front of a grand cliff rising perpendicularly nearly eight hundred feet. You ascend by a winding path along the rapid stream to the base of the mountain, and there, under the shelving rock, you find a natural reservoir, some fifty feet across, and said to be on one side more than a hundred feet in depth. The sun never shines into it. The water lies perfectly tranquil, is of the deepest blue, and on the shallower side, you can see the pebbles go shelving down as far as the eye can follow them.—*Author's Sketches.*

I.

STERN, solemn, grand, far up the dark
blue heaven,
Thou old grey cliff, thou heav'st thine
awful form!
On the wide waste of years a beacon given,
Lonely and bare, and scarred by time and
storm;

Hard at thy base, where all day shadows
sleep,

Spreads the wide grotto, overarching high;
Adown its mossy sides the cold tears weep,
And in its lap the crystal waters lie,

In sweet repose, as if there ventured nigh
This still retreat, no rude disturbing power;
No sound to pain the ear, no sight the eye;
Peace was not more profound in Eden's
bower;

Far down the depths the pebbly slope is
seen,

Then azure shades unpierced by vision
keen.

II.

'Tis such a spot as poets oft have sung,
Or fancy pictured in her wildest dream;
A spot the which while yet the world was
young,

Had peopled been with Naiads, and the
stream,

Along whose murmuring course sweet
odors breathe

From beds of fragrant thyme and roses
wild,
Had been the haunt of Fays, that came
to wreath
Their flowery garlands when the moon-
beams smiled ;
Now gushing forth through portals all
unseen,
And bubbling upward to the light of day,
It dashes onward the rough rocks between,
With sparkling foam,—then sweeps its
winding way
Down the long steep,—then its rash speed
restrains,
And bears fresh beauty to the blooming
plains.

III.

Petrarca's Fountain!—Yes, thou bear'st
his name ;
A name that distant ages shall rehearse ;
A name that soareth not alone to fame,
Married to Laura's in immortal verse !

Oft came he musing to the cooling shade,
When scorched the summer's sun with
noontide ray;

At twilight thither oft his footsteps strayed,
To while with thee the pensive hour away:
Now — seated thoughtful by thy rocky side,
A soft kind influence steals through all
his soul;

Bright, airy visions now before him glide;
Now — mark the tears of tenderness that
roll!

Fixed is his gaze — but the winged soul
is free;

He *thinks* on LAURA — though he *looks* on
THEE!¹

¹ These sonnets, more than any others, perhaps, should have been constructed on the Petrarchian model, considering the *genius loci*. But written as they were immediately under the inspiration of the visit, the author thought of nothing, at the time, but of giving expression to what he felt. The older English writers, however, as Shakspeare for example, commonly used this simple construction.



XVIII.

FAREWELL TO ROME.

Composed in a night ride from Rome to Civita Vecchia.

I.

IMPERIAL City! I have dreamed of
thee
Through long — long years,— since when
in early prime,
I traced, with heart deep stirred, thy history
Of men heroic, and of deeds sublime:
Thy storied names, which on the scroll
of time,
But gather brightness with the flight of
years;
Or — if all stained with tyranny and crime,
With blood of slaughtered innocence and
tears
Of bitter agony — but blacker grow,
As grows the detestation of mankind;

Around thy Tiber, have availed to throw,
And o'er thy hills, where sits decay en-
shrined,
A spell that warmed my soul with classic
fire,
And waked, to see thee, restless, keen
desire!

II.

And I *have* seen thee!— And my feet have
trod
Among thy crumbling glories; climbed
the height
Of thy famed Capitol, where erst thy god,
Great Jupiter, enthroned in awful might,
His dwelling kept; whither old warriors
came
With pomp and triumph from the field
well won,
To bring their trophies, and to light the
flame
Upon his altar; forth when day was done,
My steps have strayed to see the moon-
light fall

Where ivies o'er the Coliseum creep,
And mark the shadows by the ruined wall
Where dwelt the Cæsars, dark and lonely
sleep!

Henceforth 'tis memory all — the dream
is o'er;

Rome — fare thee well — I muse on thee
no more!





XIX.

TO TILLIE ON HER BIRTHDAY.

METHINKS that on this joyous natal
morn,
Backward, dear girl, thy gentle thought
hath strayed,
And 'mid the golden blushes of the dawn
Of early childhood, thou again hast played.
Ah! beautiful in the dim past appears
That early twilight when all things were
fair;
When blithe birds caroled to the morn-
ing air,
And thou as yet didst feel no boding fears:
Sweet memories! As they rise thine eye
doth wear
A tender look, half sorrow and half joy!

For childhood's dreams are vanished, and
now care,
And sober thoughts, and noble aims em-
ploy
Thy earnest woman's soul; the future
calls;
On! On! God give thee strength till eve-
ning falls!





XX.

SONG.

YEARS have seemed months, love,
 When passed at thy side ;
But months seem long years, love,
 When without thee they glide ;
Wearily breaketh now
 The bright dawning day,
Wearily evening falls,
 And thou far away.

What though I roam, love,
 'Mid old storied towers,
Wander through palaces,
 Gardens and bowers ?
Or stray by sweet rivers
 Made classic in song ?
One charm still is wanting,
 One name on my tongue.

Thy smile hath cheered, love,
 Hath lighted my path,
 When dark clouds have gathered,
 Or burst in their wrath;
 So long hath it blessed me,
 So dear hath it grown
 Without it my heart pines
 All saddened and lone.

Speed — speed the hours, love,
 That bear me once more,
 Back to thy fond arms,
 A wanderer no more;
 Bright though the way be
 That tempts me to roam,
 I'm most of all blest, love,
 With thee and at home!





